

IDEAS.

The potato bug has come. Strong temptations develop character.

Necessity is the first stimulus to industry.

Keep the last week's CITIZEN and learn the Cow Pea enticement; it is worth your while.

It is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

I notice one thing; when a man gets into a tight spot he don't never send for his friend, the devil, to help him out. —Josh Billings.

Take Notice.

WEEKLY PRAYER MEETINGS.

Berea Church, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.
Baptist Church, Thursday 7:30 p. m.
Second Church, Monday 7:30 p. m.
Women's Prayer Meeting 2:30 p. m. at the home of Mrs. Linn Hanson.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Berea Church, Prof. H. M. Jones, 11 a. m.
Second Church, Rev. H. J. Dertchick, 11 a. m.
Baptist Church, Rev. H. E. Aulick, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. all churches.
Y. M. C. A. extension workers at Hickory Plains, 3 p. m.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

De Vermine, Vice pres. of the French Senate, died Monday.

Premier Roussell has returned to Paris, completely restored to health.

A league of Nations is to be formed to aid commercial competition with America.

Six thousand people are homeless because of three villages burning in Galicia, Austria.

Census returns show the population of England and Wales to be 32,520,716, an increase in 10 years of 3,523,191.

Mrs. Batha, wife of the Bosw General, sailed Monday for Europe, to interview President Kruger, and urge him to advocate peace in South Africa.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The cotton crop of the South is suffering for rain.

Oklahoma has a new governor, W. M. Jenkins, who has been territorial secretary.

The need for outside relief for Jacksonville, Fla., continues. Thousands are destitute.

Mrs. McKinley has had the pleasure of the presidential trip marred by her serious illness.

The County Democracy of Chicago will boom Carter Harrison for the presidency in 1904.

A strike of 150,000 machinists at Homestead, Pa., involving 500,000 metal workers is threatened.

Municipal governments have been established in Batana, P. I. The Filipinos readily adjust themselves to the new conditions.

The Southern Baptist Convention, in session at New Orleans, adopted a resolution opposing an indemnity for property destroyed in China.

The steamer, City of Paducah, a Tennessee River packet, went down near Grand Tower, Ill., late Sunday night. Twelve lives were lost. The boat is a total loss.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Danville is to put in a new sewer system to cost about \$22,000.

Judge B. F. Buckner died at Winchester last Monday, aged 64.

Ex-Gov. Bradley is expected to move his residence to Lexington.

Harlan county republicans have decided to nominate county officials at a mass convention.

Gov. Beckham will appoint a democrat to succeed Judge Tinsley in the Clay county circuit court.

Thirteen thousand dollars has been subscribed for a Y. M. C. A. building to be located at Lexington.

Frankfort volunteers, who served in the Philippines, in the 30th Infantry, were welcomed home Sunday.

Judge J. W. Green, of Owensboro, died at his home Saturday. He has served as circuit judge nine years.

John M. Lassing, of Boone county, is mentioned as Circuit Judge to succeed Judge John W. Green, deceased.

A water spout, a hail storm and a snow storm visited the neighborhood of the Duke farm, two miles west of Danville, last Thursday.

Rev. W. C. Roberts, D. D., L. L. D., has been elected president of the Central University of Kentucky, at Danville, with a salary of \$3000 a year and residence.

Dr. Schenk, the eminent forester of Biltmore Estate, Asheville, N. C. will lecture in Louisville, May 20, at 8 p. m. Subject: Forestry as a Permanent Business.

The miners of Ohio county, about one thousand in number, are threatening a strike because of a court injunction enjoining operators from collecting assessments for the support of striking miners in Hopkins county.

Personals and Locals.

Base ball Friday, 3:30.

Miss Rose West is very low with cancer.

W. H. Humphrey is back from Maysville.

The new college barn will be a commodious building.

See Douglas Bros., Richmond, Ky., for Men's Furnishing Goods.

Leonard Garret has moved to the Bogie house on Center Street.

Harmonia Society gave a spread at Science Hall, Thursday evening.

Nice line of Straw Hats. Prices Right. Bicknell & Early, Berea, Ky.

Miss Butler, of Wildie, has been here this week on insurance business.

Miss Mary Alice Titus entertained the graduating class, Monday evening.

Mrs. Sam Denterage and Miss Etta Moore visited in Richmond last week.

Dr. Geo. Miller, of Chicago, arrived yesterday to visit his sister, Miss Rose Miller.

Douglas Bros. Crockett Shoe, \$3.00 and \$3.25. One of the best on the market.

Rev. Mr. Jones, of Bedford, Ind., preached at the Baptist Church Sunday night.

If you want to save money, call on Douglas Bros., for Shoes and Men's Furnishings.

Base Ball, Friday 3:30 p. m. Berea versus Williamsburg. Admission 15 cents.

Mrs. Lusk went to Livingston, Monday to meet Dr. Lusk. They came home Tuesday.

They have added twenty feet to the Masonic Lodge room. More room for the goat to jump.

If you want the latest and newest things in Children's Slippers, see Douglas Bros., Richmond, Ky.

The rain hindered the enjoyment of the Baptist Sunday-school picnic. Dinner was served in the church.

T. A. Robinson, the jeweler, will move to the new store room in the Welch Block, in about two weeks.

The Junior Endeavorers had a pleasant picnic Saturday afternoon, on the lawn at Prof. S. C. Mason's.

Williamsburg plays base ball here tomorrow. Everybody come and "root" for our boys and see them win.

J. J. Brauman was summoned to Wildie Monday on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Abe Brauman.

R. R. Coyle, a merchant of Sparksville, Ind., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Coyle, Monday and Tuesday.

J. C. Coyle has put a new veranda to his house front and new kitchen and dining room to the rear. The house is being freshly painted.

J. W. Stephens, the popular L. & N. agent of this place is taking a vacation. Mr. Butler, of Millersburg, has charge during his absence.

Mark L. Spink, the College Printer, is jubilant over the arrival of a new "printer" at his home, Tuesday night. Baby and mother are doing nicely.

Miss Lena Jones, of Wildie, a former student of Berea College, and Dr. Lewis, of Wildie, were married May 8. They have gone south for their bridal tour.

The ball game at Lexington, Saturday—Georgetown vs. Kentucky University, resulted in a score of 11—5 in favor of Georgetown. John Barette played with the winning team. J. C. Chapin took in the game.

At a meeting of the town board, Monday night, the resignation of J. W. VanWinkle as police judge, was tendered and accepted. S. E. Welch, Jr., was recommended for the office, subject to the appointment by the Governor.

The CITIZEN has received a copy of "The Daily States," a New Orleans paper, with an account of the Southern Baptist Association, in session May 9—11, in that city. Rev. H. F. Aulick, pastor of our Baptist Church, is in attendance.

C. M. Rawlings met with what might have been a very serious accident a week ago, on Owsley Fork. He, with his horse and buggy fell down a steep embankment. Severe bruises and cuts were received, but no bones broken.

Madison County.

Wear the Hagan Shoe, sold by Douglas Bros., Richmond, Ky.

A protracted meeting has been in progress at College Hill, M. E. Church, South.

When you are in Richmond, call on Douglas Bros., for up-to-date Shoes and Men's Furnishings.

The school census of Richmond shows 660 whites of school age and 582 negro children of school age, a total increase of \$3.

Fiscal court adjourned Saturday to meet again tomorrow. The county levy for this year is 584 cents, as against 78 cents last year.

Rev. J. K. Smith, of Little Rock, Ark., will preach the baccalaureate sermon for the closing exercises of Madison Institute, Sunday, May 16.

Edward Stockton, son of Robt. C. Stockton, of Richmond, received the medal at the Freshman Sophomore Declaimer's Contest in C. U. Chapel, last Thursday.

After a refusal at their regular session to appropriate any funds for the use of the Katie Clay Infirmary, the fiscal court has decided that the meagre sum of \$500 be donated.

The fiscal court in session last week appropriated \$75 per mile for work on the main turnpikes of the county, and \$10 per mile for intersecting pikes.

No provision was made for dirt roads. Chief of Police, Allman, closed up the Lawson liquor saloon, on First Street Richmond, Friday last, on a distress warrant. If all such establishments could be so closed, Madison county would be no loser.

Dr. Dudley S. Reynolds, of Louisville, has filed a suit in the Madison county circuit court against Central University for \$15,000 damages, because the consolidation of Central and Centre will abolish his chair in the Medical College of the University.

The commencement exercises of the Negro High School, Richmond, were held in the United Baptist Church, last Friday evening. There were nine graduates, each read an essay or delivered an oration. Dr. Ballard, of Lexington, addressed the graduates. Prof. Reynolds deserves high commendation for his work in the school.

LOST.

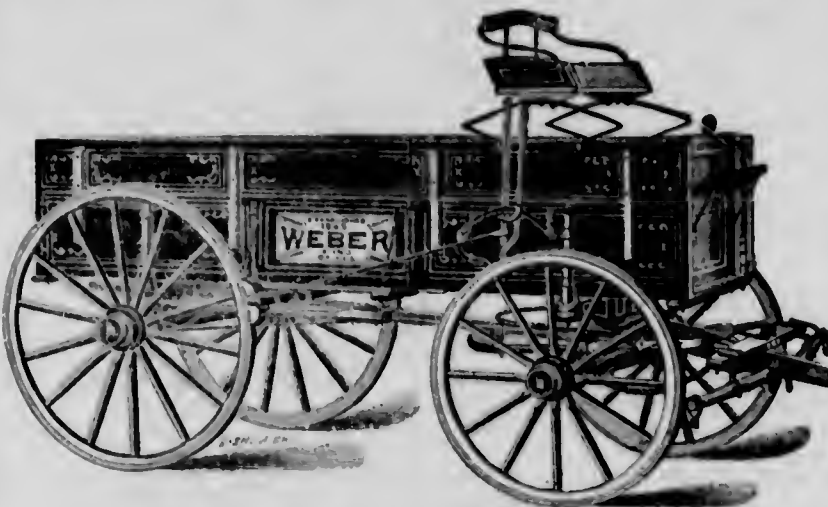
A bunch of keys on a key ring, attached to aluminum chain. Finder will receive reward at Citizen Office, Berea, Ky.

Children's Day at Christian Church.

The first Sunday in June is known as Children's Day, but will be fittingly observed at the Christian Church, (Disciples of Christ) on Sunday, May 26. There will be music and flowers, happy faces, children, and general good cheer. The church will be handsomely decorated for the occasion. This has come to be a great day in this denomination. It was first observed in 1881; now it is annually observed in almost all their schools. It is held in the interest of Heavly Missions. This people now have missions in all of the great heathen fields of the world. Last year the Sunday-schools of this body raised \$12,700 on Children's Day. Since 1881 they have raised over \$300,000. Special effort is being made this year to raise \$50,000, and we learn the signs point to success.

We have no doubt the Sunday-school in this place will do its full share towards the \$50,000. They are liberal and enterprising. We hope the friends will render substantial encouragement to their lofty purposes. The school will be delighted to see their friends present on that day. It will be a great rally day and a day of generous gifts, a day long to be remembered.

Bicknell & Early.



THIS IS BUSINESS SURE !
Four Weber Wagons sold within a week. You cannot possibly beat the Weber if you need a wagon.
Sold By
BICKNELL & EARLY, Berea, Ky.

A TRUE HERO.

Wm. Phelps, of Peytontown, Ky., Loses His Life to Save That of His Fellow Workman.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 12.—William Phelps, of Peytontown, Ky., and James Stansbury, of this city, were cleaning the inside of an eight-foot upright boiler at the Cerebral mills this afternoon, when an employee turned on the steam, thinking the cock was tight. It leaked and the scalding steam poured in on the two men. The only exit was up a ladder to a man-hole in the top. Both jumped for the ladder. Phelps reached it first, took one step and stopped. He jumped aside and shouted, "You go first, Jim; you are married."

Stansbury escaped with slight burns about the face and legs. Though Phelps followed at his heels, his act of heroism cost him his life. Both men were being cooked when Phelps jumped aside. By the time he had followed Stansbury up the ladder the flesh was dropping from his limbs. He was cooked alive and with supreme effort dragged his scalded body from the man-hole. He lived for two hours in terrible agony, but did not let a groan escape him. "It was Jim's right to go first," said he quietly. "He is married." Phelps has been boarding at Stansbury's house. Both men are colored.

FIELD DAY.

Thursday, May 23, 1901.

The following prizes will be awarded by the business men of Berea to the successful contestants.

W. P. WHITE makes and repairs Shoes and Harness.75.
Pair first-class Half Soles.75.
T. A. ROBINSON, Jeweler and Optician.1.50.
Fancy Lamp.1.50.
C. C. RHODES, Groceries, Fruits, and Vegetables.1.25.
Fine Candy.1.00.
E. F. COYLE.1.00.

Shirt.1.00.

STUDENT'S JOB PRINT.

Fine Stationery.1.50.

C. I. OGDON, Photographer, Kentucky Views a Specialty.

Dozen Best Cabinets.2.00.

J. W. HOSKINS, Groceries.

Provisions.50.

MRS. N. B. WILLOUGHBY and Miss ALLIE FOWLER, Millinery and Dressmaking, opp. Welch's.

College or Society Colors.60.

BICKNELL & EARLY, Groceries, Hardware and Queensware.

Fancy Lamp.1.50.

J. J. BRANNAMAN, General Merchandise.

Pair Suspenders.50.

J. M. HART, Postmaster.

Cash.25.

J. C. COYLE & Co., Shoes, Clothing, and Furnishings.

Shirt, \$1.00, Straw Hat, 50.

Twenty Rules Governing Field Day.

1. None but actual students may compete.
2. We approve of having work widely distributed, rather than centered upon a few champions.
3. No student may contest who is failing in any study of the current year.
4. No contest may be held, or the reward therein considered valid, after 5:30 p. m.
5. Contestants must stand a physical examination.

For the latest creations in Ladies' Shoes and Oxfords, call on Douglas Bros., Richmond, Ky.



A MAN

Need not wear ill-fitting clothes just because he happens to be a little too long, or short, or fat, or lean; for in our great stock you'll find suits to fit all sizes and shapes of men, and a tailor ready to make alterations free of charge while you wait.

A splendid assortment of the latest styles to select from, Plaids, Stripes, Checks, Greys, Mixed Effects, Blues, Blacks, Browns, etc. in endless variety, at money saving prices.

GIVE US A CALL.

COVINGTON & BANKS, Richmond, Ky.

MEAT MARKET

I have Good, Fresh Beef or Pork constantly on hand at popular prices.

Blacksmithing done at the same stand at lowest rates for good work.

P. M. REYNOLDS, - Depot St. ju 6 01

E. B. McCOY, Dentist, Berea, Kentucky.

Attention Kentucky Teachers!

The Fountain Pen is a necessity for every teacher who wishes to save time. The best pen made is the

Parker Jointless Fountain Pen. It positively has NO EQUAL.

You can order it by mail from College Book Store.

Every pen WARRANTED and can either be exchanged, or money refunded, if not satisfactory. Write for prices. Mail Orders for Books and Stationery promptly filled. Address

Perry F. Shrock, - Berea, Ky. June 29, 1901

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; \$300 salary per year, payable weekly; \$3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

Photographs

12 on fancy mounts, copied from your photo, 30c. On buttons, 10c. each, 3 for 25c. Send 2 stamps for sample. Wm. Lorimer, Photographer, Danville, Ky. AGENTS WANTED.

FURNITURE.

The very latest designs in Bed-room Suites, Iron Beds, Couches, and all other Furnishings. Tables, Chairs, Safes, and Mattresses in great variety always in Stock.

We invite all our Berea Friends and all Citizen subscribers to call and inspect before making purchases.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

Day Phone, 66. Night Phone, 73. JO. S. JOPLIN, Richmond, Ky.

KELLOGG & WITENBURY, Wholesale Grocers, Irvine St., Richmond, Ky.

A full line of Staple Groceries carried at all times. Mail and Phone Orders receive prompt shipment.



Chicago College of Dental Surgery

(Dental Department of Lake Forest University.)

One of the leading dental colleges of the world, located in the great modern and educational center of Chicago, offers unsurpassed facilities to the student of dentistry.

Twentieth Annual Course of Instruction begins about Oct. 1st, 1901. Address

DR. TRUMAN W. BROPHY, Dean, Wood & Harrison Sts., Chicago.

CHINESE WILL PAY.

The Indemnity Demanded by the Powers Will Be Liquidated in Thirty Years.

THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES' RESPONSE.

The Annual Payment of \$10,000,000 Is the Extent of Their Power to Discharge the Debt.

Mr. Rockhill Has Been Instructed to Continue His Efforts to Secure An Abatement of the Total Amount Asked.

Washington, May 15.—A cablegram from Mr. Rockhill, special United States commissioner at Peking, received at the state department Tuesday, mentions the receipt by the ministers of the response of the Chinese envoys to the ministers' demands for indemnity. The dispatch indicates briefly that the Chinese represent that an annual payment of \$10,000,000 is the full extent of their power to pay on indemnity account. It will take 30 years to discharge the debt at that rate, without interest. Mr. Rockhill makes no mention of the subject of interest, nor does he touch upon the means by which the money is to be raised by China, or say who is to guarantee a loan necessary to be made. It appears that the Chinese feel themselves obliged to submit to the powers in this question of indemnity, as in all other things, and though realizing their own inability to assume the indebtedness of 450,000,000 taels, they feel obliged to make the effort. Mr. Rockhill has been instructed to continue his efforts to secure an abatement of the total indemnity, but in the present disposition of the powers little hope of success is entertained.

Berlin, May 15.—The news that China agrees to the payment of the indemnities demanded is received here with general approval, but in official circles and privately inasmuch that all Germany desires is to wind up the China campaign. It is understood that the proposal to extend the payments over a period of 30 years meets with a qualified assent.

AMERICAN BRIGANDS.

Detectives and Police Broke Up a Band Who Operated in the Province of Pampanga.

Manila, May 15.—Detectives and the police have broken up a band of American brigands who have been operating in the province of Pampanga, north of and not far from Manila. George Raymond, Ulrich Rogers and Oscar Mushmiller have been captured, and Andrew Martin, Peter Heise, George Munn and two others are still being pursued.

This band committed outrages, murdered and raped at Ilocos, Pampanga province, and in that vicinity, and Sunday last they killed Henry Dow, an American. The band sometimes represented themselves as American deserters and at others as American soldiers. George Raymond wore the uniform of a captain. Raymond and Martin were formerly policemen in Manila.

A LIBERAL POLICY.

United States Steel Corporation Will Deal With Competing Concerns Regarding Wages.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 15.—The same liberal policy that the United States steel corporation is said to have adopted in its trade dealings with competing concerns is to show itself in the great combines dealings with organized labor. The outside companies are to be allowed to enter the wage conferences heretofore held sacred to the big sheet steel, tin plate and steel hoop combines, and they may have a voice in the annual settlements if they desire. This was the word sent out Tuesday from the headquarters of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers in this city.

LIEUT. COMMANDER ROPER.

His Funeral Will Take Place at Annapolis, Md., Next Thursday—The "Fall-Boaters."

Washington, May 15.—The funeral of the late Lieut. Commander Jesse M. Roper, who met a hero's death while aiding in the rescue of his sailors during a fire on board the gunboat Petrel in Manila harbor some time ago, will take place at Annapolis next Thursday at 2:30 o'clock. The pallbearers will be Commander Golvocores, Prof. Henderson, Lieut. Commander V. L. Cotman, Lieut. Commander E. B. Underwood, Lieut. Commander Charles E. Fox and Lieut. Charles D. Hallway, of the navy, and Col. Carter and Maj. Hodgson, of the army.

In a Serious Condition.

Washington, May 15.—Mrs. Gage, wife of Secretary of the Treasury Gage, who has been ill for some time, is reported to be in a serious condition, though her friends have not given up hope.

Ball Players Released.

Philadelphia, May 15.—The Philadelphia national league club Tuesday released Pitcher Conn and Second Baseman Dolan.

IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The President Made His Official Entry Into the City and Was Royally Received.

San Francisco, May 15.—President McKinley made his official entry into this city, the objective point of his tour, late Tuesday afternoon. After being formally welcomed by Mayor C. D. Phelan, he was driven through the principal streets attended by a military and naval escort. Tuesday night he attended a public reception in the large nave of the Market street ferry depot.

At 2:40 o'clock he left the Scott residence for the Valencia street station. Here he met the train bringing the members of the cabinet and remainder of the party, who had fulfilled the programme between San Jose and this city. President McKinley was also met here by Mayor Phelan and formally received. The president, the members of his cabinet, Mayor Phelan and the reception committee were then taken by special train to the Third and Townsend depot, where the military and naval escort was waiting.

A few minutes after the train arrived, the procession was formed and the march up Third street was begun. In the rear of the platoon of mounted police and a battalion of patrolmen came Grand Marshal Warfield and his aides. Behind them were swung into line Troop A, the special escort of the president, closely followed by the veteran guard of the Grand Army of the Republic, who acted as a guard of honor for the battle flags of President McKinley's regiment.

The Multitude Cheered.

A second later President McKinley, reclining comfortably in his carriage, was in full view of the throng that had waited long to greet him. Accompanying him were Mayor Phelan and Irving M. Scott, the chairman of the citizens' executive committee. As the carriage was drawn out to the street and turned in line with the procession, cheer after cheer rose from the multitudes, and was echoed along the narrow thoroughfares. With his face wreathed in smiles, President McKinley gracefully raised his glossy hat and bowed an acknowledgement of the ovation.

After the president's carriage came those of his cabinet, Gov. Nash, of Ohio, and staff, and the Ohio congressional delegation.

The long line of carriages was followed by 4,000 troops, infantry, artillery and cavalry from the Presidio, led by Gen. Shafter, and 1,000 marines and sailors from the battleships Iowa, Philadelphia and Wisconsin, under the command of Adm. Casey.

The line of march was handsomely decorated with flags bunting and evergreen. At Van Ness avenue President McKinley reviewed the procession after which he repaired to the Scott residence for dinner.

Mrs. McKinley Better.

San Francisco, May 15.—It was announced at the Scott home Tuesday afternoon that Mrs. McKinley was a shade better than early Tuesday, feeling stronger and brighter than at any time since the beginning of her illness. She slept some during the morning and Dr. Rixey is well pleased with her progress toward recovery.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Legal Steps Have Been Taken to Compel Directors to Close It on Sundays.

Rochester, N. Y., May 15.—Legal steps have been taken to force the directors of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo to close on Sunday. A motion was made in the appellate division Tuesday for an order to show cause why Buffalo's police commissioner should not be removed from office on the grounds of malfeasance, misconduct and dereliction of duty. The grounds set forth in the affidavits submitted are in effect that the police commissioners allowed work not necessary to be done on the Pan-American grounds on Sunday, May 5. A decision will be handed down next Tuesday.

THE ASIATIC STATION.

Mr. Adm. Kempff Ordered to Send Home the Ships Concord, Marietta and the Castine.

Washington, May 15.—The navy department sent orders to Mr. Adm. Kempff, acting commander of the Asiatic station, to send home the ships, Concord, Marietta and Castine during the latter part of the coming summer. This is in pursuance of the policy announced some time ago reducing the naval strength in the east. Bennington, Petrel, Oregon, Newark and Brutus already have been ordered home, so that with these ships there is a total reduction of the fleet in Asiatic waters to about 42 vessels.

"Billy" Rice Seriously Ill.

Chicago, May 15.—Delirious from the ravages of erysipelas and practically blind "Billy" Rice, the old time minstrel, was Tuesday night taken from the National hotel to the county hospital. His friends say his condition is such that there is little hope for recovery.

No Truth in It.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 15.—Hon. H. Clay Evans, pension commissioner, arrived here Tuesday night to spend a month looking after his business affairs. In an interview he declared the report that he was to be appointed minister to Japan is absolutely without foundation.

METAL WORKERS.

They Will Enforce the Demand for a Nine Hour Day and Increased Wages.

THE STRIKE SET FOR NEXT MONDAY.

A Large Number of Employees in the Trades Have Been Informed of Their Employers' Concession.

It Is Thought No Serious Opposition Will Be Made to the Movement—Conference of Leaders Held in Washington.

Washington, May 15.—The representatives of Machinery and Allied Metal Trades National and International unions, who have been in session here for two days considering the enforcement of a demand that union machinists hereafter shall be required to work only nine hours a day, with an increase of wages that would make the daily pay the same as under the present ten hour scale, late Tuesday afternoon decided that there should be a strike on May 20 in shops refusing to grant the desired concessions.

Those participating in Tuesday's conference were James O'Connell, president of the International Association of Machinists; John Mulholland, president of the International Association of Allied Metal Mechanics; L. R. Thomas, President of the Pattern Makers' League of North America; E. J. Lynch, Metal Polishers, Buffers, Platers and Brass Workers union of North America; and Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor.

A Statement.

The following statement concerning the conference was authorized:

"It was decided that all workers in the machinery and allied metal trades should demand the nine-hour day, without reduction in pay, before May 20, the same to go into effect on that date.

"The officers of the organizations decided that the men in their respective trades would stand by each other in the enforcement of the demand should it be necessary to cease work.

"In view of the encouraging reports received from a large number of employers in trades having already notified their employees of the concession to the above demand, no serious opposition to the movement is anticipated.

"The conference adjourned at 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and the participants returned to their respective headquarters."

MACHINISTS STRIKE.

One Hundred Employed in the Washash Railroad Shops at Springfield, Ill., Quit Work.

Springfield, Ill., May 15.—One hundred machinists in the Washash railroad shops struck Tuesday, being about all the machinists in the shops. They will ask for an increase from 25 to 29 cents per hour, time and a half for overtime, and a nine-hour day. Many men employed in the blacksmith shop have gone out in sympathy with the machinists, and probably half the force of 300 men employed at the shops have quit work. Master Mechanic Doebler Tuesday said he did not believe the strike would be general enough to result in the shops shutting down.

WASHINGTON RELICS.

About 30 of Them Were Turned Over to Miss Mary Custis Lee, of Virginia.

Washington, May 15.—About 30 of the George Washington relics, which have been in the national museum for years, Tuesday were turned over to Miss Mary Custis Lee, the heir to the relics. These relics consist of blankets, sets of China, including one given to Mrs. Washington by Gen. Lafayette, and other souvenirs. They do not include the sword, camp chests and a large amount of other Washington relics now in the museum. They will be sent to an address to be designated by Miss Lee.

THE AMBASSADORS.

All of Them Will Leave Washington at an Early Date For Their European Vacations.

Washington, May 15.—All of the ambassadors here are preparing to leave Washington at an early date for their European vacations. The Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, sails on the 27th inst., leaving M. De Woodard as Russian charge d'affaires. The French ambassador, M. Cambon, goes on June 6, leaving M. De Murgier in charge. The British ambassador's departure is set for June 5. The Italian ambassador sails on the 16th inst.

The Treasury's Condition.

Washington, May 15.—Tuesday's statement of the treasury balances in the general fund exclusive of the \$150,000,000 gold reserve in the division of redemption, shows: Available cash balance, \$158,679,781; gold, \$97,241,75.

The Guests of Gov. Gage.

San Francisco, May 15.—Gov. Nash, the Ohio delegation, Gov. Geer, of Oregon, and other prominent visitors, were the guests of Gov. Gage on an excursion Tuesday.

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

Little Florence Miller Has Her Father's Bookkeeper Eye Since She Was a Baby.

Since she reached the age of four years Florence Miller has been her father's bookkeeper for her father, Fremont Miller, of Bloomington, Ill. She is now six years of age.

Little Florence began to exhibit her extraordinary powers before she was three years of age. At those baby years she startled the community by the wonderful beauty and accuracy of her drawings—both color and pencil work; that she would develop into a phenomenal artist became the current conviction. Her aptitudes in other directions, however,



FLORENCE KEEPING BOOKS.

were equally amazing; she would pick up the newspapers or almost any book and read them easily and correctly. By the age of four years she was writing stories. Not infantile jargon, by any means, but sparkling little stories with the most fascinating touches of plot and rhetoric. At this time, also, her mind seemed to turn to figures. She picked up everything herself, and could not be persuaded to leave the work, of which she was so fond.

At the age of six years Florence was allowed to enter the Lincoln school. She had scarcely been in a week before she had been promoted to the second room, and her promotion to the A class, third room, was allowed after an attendance of exactly one month.

Florence is now only a little past six years old. She is again ahead of her class, and ready to step into the fourth room after attending a single term.

CUNNING PACK MULE.

He Was an Old Fellow and an Adept at the Questionable Art of Shaking His Duty.

"A pack mule that has seen service gets very cunning," said an old soldier. "We had one old fellow that had been in the army for 12 or 15 years, and he knew as much as most of the men. He was occasionally used as a leader, and was very fond of the job, because in that position he had no load to carry. To see him maneuvering to get to the front was very comical.

"The regulation pack weighs 200 pounds, and the mules soon learn to 'size it up' to a mule, refusing to carry anything more. For that reason they are blindfolded while being loaded, else they would be continually looking around to see whether the pack was inside the limit.

"On one occasion we received a coffin to be sent to Siboney, and the old mule referred to was selected to carry it. The coffin weighed only 25 pounds, but he must have concluded from its size that it weighed a ton, and he immediately began to groan in the most pitiful manner, exactly like a human being.

"When the coffin was put on his back he pretended to stagger, and sagged down as if he were carrying a ten-inch gun. At the same time he turned his head and looked at me with a mournful expression that was as easily read as a much printed, 'Good heavens!' seemed to say, 'are you going to allow me to be crushed by this enormous burden?'

"We were all shrieking with laughter and tried to make him take his place in line, but not an inch would he budge. At last he deliberately rolled over and knocked the coffin off. That settled it. We let the old rascal take the bell, and I could almost hear him chuckling as he looped around his neck.

"Another mule was then blindfolded and took on the coffin without much trouble."

Cats on Ocean Steamers.

Every large ocean liner carries from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship, as well as appearing on the vessel's books for rations. Particular employees are detailed to feed these cats daily, and when in port one man attends to them. There is promotion for pussy on board ship. Ordinarily, unsalable cats are kept in the hold, in the steerage, in the forecabin, but a cat that is amiable and clever is given the run of the first or second-class saloons. When at sea the cats attend to the mice and rats, but after all can do little more than scare them out of the parts of the ship frequented by passengers. In port the ship is visited by a professional rat catcher, who frequently captures 500 of these pests. The cats always accompany the rat catcher, and pick up the stragglers.

The Babe in the Woods.

A four-year-old girl wandered away from home near the Bonanza mine, Oregon, recently, and was lost in the mountain 48 hours. When recovered she was quite unharmed. She told of having seen a big black dog with two puppies, which she tried to catch, "but they ran away after their mamma." The "dog" was a bear, and the "puppies" were her cubs.



THE CREATOR ALL ALONE.

Ten million times ten million years Before creation's morn; Ten million times ten million years Before the Christ was born; The Triune God was all alone, His glory filled the eternal throne.

Ten million times ten million years Before the birth of time; The Lord of glory lived alone, In majesty sublime; Eternal ages rolled along, Before He heard a creature's song.

Ten million times ten million years, Before God was adored; Before an angel spread his wings, Or seraph ever soared; Throughout all space God was unknown, All life and love were His alone.

Impelled by love, while yet unloved, And while yet unrequited; The Great Creator spoke the word, And worlds on worlds appeared; They circled round His glorious throne, And then the Lord was not alone.

This is our God and Father, whose mercy We implore, This is the Christ, whose praises we'll sing forevermore. —Rev. James M'Leod, D. D., in N. Y. Observer.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Acquisition of Money Not the Standard of Success in Life—A Wrong Tendency.

The tendencies of our time are all in the direction of making the acquisition of money the standard of success in life. When "success" is spoken of, the first thought in multitudes of minds is of money, and it is difficult to make such people believe that there are any rewards in life comparable with a few pecuniary possessions. When, the other day, a millionaire shot himself, probably thousands of people read in the yellow journal obituary that he achieved success by certain methods without being aware of the incongruity of coupling the word "success" with a failure so complete that the man sank into a suicide's grave.

There are few matters upon which the public mind needs such persistent instruction and warning as upon the frightful perversion that applies the commercial standard to all the values of human life. This practical materialism is a far more deadly miasma to the spiritual life than any of the philosophical or critical theories that many men commonly assume are so hostile to true religion. Even if we do not rise to the high level on which character appears as the supreme attainment, we do ourselves a great injustice in being blind to the fact that there are many rewards in life nobler than the possession of riches.

Take a man who has had the blessing of winning the whole-hearted affection of a devoted and noble woman, and what is any success in gaining wealth compared with the possession of such a treasure? Take a husband and wife who have nurtured and trained four or five wholesome, clean-minded, self-reliant children, who have capacity to hold their own in the contests of life and to help their fellow-men, and have not their lives been a success? They may not own the roof over their heads, or have put by a dollar for a rainy day, but they have made a success in comparison with which "the pile" of the millionaire looks mean and tawdry.

And then there is the success of honest work well done, whether the pecuniary rewards are little or great. The school teacher, the mechanic, the engineer, the professional man, does himself a wrong when he is willing to estimate his success in life by the number of dollars he has earned or saved. If he has wrought honestly, if he has done good work, and men have learned to respect and trust him, he has won a success of the most substantial and abiding sort.

Let a man who has acquired a million dollars by exclusive worship of the idols of the market, take that money and go forth into the world to turn it into the other kinds of success at which we have hinted, and he will discover before he has gone far, how impossible it is. He cannot buy the love of a noble woman, who cares nothing for the dollars and everything for him. He cannot buy a household of manly sons and womanly daughters, upon whom a parent's eye rests only to kindle into thanksgiving and delight. He cannot purchase the consciousness of good work, faithfully done. Some of the poorest men in the world are the millionaires who have atrophied every faculty and capacity except that of making dollars breed dollars. Even though a man did not worship the living God, there are nobler ideals than the Golden Calf.—Boston Watchman.

Fresh Views of Life.

Much might be said on the wisdom of taking a constantly fresh view of life. It is one of the moral uses of the night that it gives the world anew to us every morning, and of sleep that it makes life a daily re-creation. . . . God is thus all the while presenting the cup of life afresh to our lips. Thus, after a night of peaceful sleep, we behold the world as new and fresh and wonderful as when God pronounced it "very good." And sleep itself is a divine alchemy that gives us ourselves with our primitive energy of body and mind.—T. T. Munger.

Root and Fruit.

True goodness is not a patchwork, but a vital growth, developing into all the virtues. It takes a good tree to bear good fruit.—Baptist Union.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for May 10, 1901—Jesus Ascends Into Heaven.

[Prepared by H. C. Livingston.] THIRD LESSON TEXT (Acts 1:1-11).

1. The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach.

2. Until the day in which He was taken up, after that He through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen: 3. To whom also He showed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them 40 days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God:

4. And, being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of Me.

5. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.

6. When they therefore were come together, they asked of Him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the Kingdom to Israel?

7. And He said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power.

8. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

9. And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

10. And while they looked steadfastly toward Heaven, as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel;

11. Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven.

GOLDEN TEXT.—While He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.—Luke 24:51.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Besides the lesson text printed above read also the account in Luke, chapter 24, verses 44-53. It will be noted that both of these accounts are given by the same writer, Luke having been the author of the book of Acts as well as of the Gospel of Luke. Matthew and John in their Gospel do not at all mention the ascension of Christ. The fact was well-known and needed no comment as far as those for whom those two Gospels were originally written were concerned. Mark devotes one verse (Mark 16:19) to the mere statement that "after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God."

The 11 verses in Acts may be treated under the following heads:

The Work Begun.—vs. 1-4. A Commandment and a Promise.—vs. 4-5. The Ascension.—vs. 6-9. The Second Coming.—vs. 10-11.

The Work Begun.—The book of Acts is merely a continuation or sequel of the Gospel according to Luke. Luke says that in his Gospel he indicated what Jesus "began both to do and to teach." Jesus work was not done when His bodily presence left the earth. He was to continue the work in the hearts of men and do even a greater work because of the throwing off of human limitations.

A Commandment and a Promise.—On Thursday, May 18, A. D. 30, or just 40 days after the resurrection of Jesus, there was a meeting of the disciples (not alone the apostles) with their Master in Jerusalem.

From the city He led them out to the Mount of Olives near Bethany. The commandment of Jesus was that the disciples wait in Jerusalem "for the promise of the Father." It is well to dwell on that word "wait." Waiting is as important as doing, and the duty of waiting is just as obligatory as the duty of doing, both in their season. The disciples did not know how long they were to wait, they were to wait for the promise, and the waiting period extended slowly along until a week had passed. The promise was the gift of the Holy Spirit. Why was the Holy Spirit given? The answer to this question is indicated in a little incident that occurred immediately before the ascension. The apostles asked Jesus if at that time He was to restore again the kingdom to Israel. The question showed that these chosen ones still had a lingering hope of an earthly kingdom of Christ. But Jesus replied that they were not to know the times and the seasons. This knowledge was in the keeping of God Almighty alone. But, the work of establishing His kingdom, a spiritual kingdom, on earth was theirs. The gift of the Holy Spirit would mean power for the disciples in extending the kingdom.

The Ascension.—After making the promise of the Holy Spirit and indicating the line of their work (waiting at home and abroad wherever they should go). "He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." And into the sky the disciples looked, but they saw their Lord no more.

The Second Coming.—After Jesus' departure two angels in the form of men stood with the assembled company who called their thoughts back to earth and present duty, and this promise was given to comfort them: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." The earth shall again see its Lord face to face in His bodily presence.

Queer Idea of Chivalry.

In India, where women have always been drudges, the deference paid by Englishmen to ladies is always a matter of curious interest. An educated Mohammedan gentleman was talking to an old resident of the Punjab, who has written on the subject. Said the Mohammedan: "Now that the queen is dead, will you Englishmen take off your hats to ladies?" When told certainly this would be done and asked why he made the inquiry, he said: "We thought you used to take off your hats to ladies because a lady was the ruler of the country."—London News.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story--Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

Brent and Biddulph: Biddulph surely. There could be no mistake that blonde, manly giant, re-lapsed again into modified Anglianism of dress; but walking freely along, with a step that remembered the prairie.

But that pale, feeble fellow hanging on the other's arm! Could that be John Brent? He was slouching along, looking upon the ground, a care-worn, dejected man. It cost me a sharp pang to see my brilliant friend so vanquished by a sorrow I could comprehend.

I sprang up, snatched my hat, and rushed out. Eight quiet men, dining systematically at eight tables in the coffee-room, were startled at a rapidity of movement quite unknown to the products of Stourley, and each of the eight choked over his mouthful, were it ox-tail, salmon, mutton, bread. Eight waiters, caught in the act of saying, "Yessell! Drectly Sir!" were likewise shocked into momentary paralysis.

I dashed across the street, knocking the nose-bag off the forlorn nose of a hungry cab-horse, and laid my hand on my friend's shoulder. He turned, in the hasty, nervous manner of a man who is expecting something, and exhaled with waiting.

"I was half inclined to let you pass," said I. "You have not written. I had no right to suppose you alive."

"I could only write to pain you and myself. I have not found her. I am hardly alive. I shall not long be." "Come," said Biddulph, with his old friendly, cheery manner; "now that Wade has joined us, we will have a fresh start, and better luck. Walk on with us, Wade, and Brent will tell you what we have been doing."

"Why should I tire him with the weary story of a fruitless search?" said Brent.

It was the same utterly disheartened manner, the same tone of despair, that had so affected me that evening on the plain of Fort Bridger. Not finding whom he sought was crushing him now, as losing her crushed him then. But I thought by what a strange and fearful mercy our despair of that desolate time had been changed to joy. Coming newly to the fact of loss, I could not see it so darkly as it was present to him. A great confidence awoke in me that our old partnership renewed would prosper. I determined not to yield to his mood.

"Your search, then, is absolutely fruitless," said I. "Well, if she is not dead, she must have forgotten me."

"Is she a woman to forget?" said Brent, roused a little by my willful candour.

"Like other women, I suppose." "You must have forgotten the woman we met and saved, and had for our comrade, to think so."

I rejoiced at the indignation I had stirred.

"Why, then, has she never written?" I queried.

"I am sure as faith that she has, but that her father has cunningly suppressed her letters."

"The same has occurred to me. The poor old fellow, ashamed of his Mormon life, would very likely be unwilling that any one who knew of it should be informed of his whereabouts."

"He might, too, have an indiscriminating, senseless terror of any letter going to America, lest it should set Danites upon his track, as a renegade. He might fear that we would take his daughter from him. There are twenty suppositions to make. I will not accept that of death nor of neglect."

"No," said Biddulph; "dead people can not hide away their bodies, as living can."

"You know that they are in England?"

"They landed in Liverpool from the Screw. There they disappeared. Biddulph took me to Clitheroe, up to the old Hall. A noble place it is. It is poetry to have been born there. I do not wonder Mr. Clitheroe loved it."

"You must go down with me, Wade, as soon as the season is over," said Biddulph. "I wish I could quarter you in town. Brent is with me. But you will dine with us every day, when you have nothing better to do, and be at home with us always. I can give you flapjacks and molasses, Laramie fashion."

"Thank you, my dear fellow!"

"You must not think," says Brent, "that I went up to Clitheroe even for Biron's hospitality. We were both on the search all through the country. We thought Mr. Clitheroe might have been himself to a coal-mine again. We discovered the very mine where he formerly worked. They remembered him well. The older generation of those grimy people well remembered Gentleman Hugh and his daughter, little Lady Ellen, and the rough fellows and their rough wives had a hundred stories to tell of the beautiful, gentle child,—how she had been a good angel to her father. In the office, too, of the coal-mine, always faithful, honest, respected, and a gentleman. It was interesting to have all his sad story confirmed, just as he told it to you the night of Jake Shamblerlain's ball; but it did not help our search. Then we enlarged its scope, and followed out every line of travel from Liverpool and to London, the great monster, that

draws in all the prosperous and the ruined, the rich to spend and the poor to beg.

"We have had some queer and some romantic adventures in our search, eh, Brent? Some rather comic run-aways we've overhauled," said Biddulph; "but we'll tell you of them, Wade, when we are in good spirits again, and with our fugitives by us to hear what pains we took for their sake."

"And all this while you have found no trace?" I said.

"One slight trace only," replied my friend; "enough to identify them disappearing among those millions of London. We found a porter at the Paddington station, who had seen a young lady and an old man stepping from a third-class carriage of a night-train. 'You see, sir,' said the man, 'he evidently had a heart under his olive corduroys,—I marked the old gent and the young woman, she was so daintily with him. I've got a little girl of my own, and maybe I shall come out old and weakly, and she'll have to look after me. It was the gray of the morning when the train came in. There wasn't many passengers. It was cold winter weather,—the month of February, I should say. The young woman,—she had dark hair, and looked as if she was one to go through thick and thin,—she jumped out of the carriage, where she had been sitting all that cold night, and gave the old gent her hand. I heard her call him 'Father,' and tell him to take care; and he had need. He seemed to be stiff with cold. He was an old gent, such as you don't see every day. He had a long white beard,—a kind of swallow-tail beard. His clothes, too, was strange. He had a long gray top-coat, grayish and bluish, with a cape of the same over his shoulders, and brass buttons stamped with an eagle. A military coat it was. I used to see such coats on the sentinels in France when I went over to dig on the Chalons Railway. The old gent looked like a foreigner, with his swallow-tail beard and that military coat; but there was an Englishman under the coat, if I know 'em. And the young woman, sir, was English,—I don't believe there's any such out of Old England."

"It must be they," I cried. "I saw him in that very coat, tramping up and down like a hunted man, beside the vagrants that were to take him from Fort Laramie."

"You did? That completes the identification. But what good? This was a trace of them in London; so is a sailor's cap on a surge a token of a sailor sunk and lying somewhere under the gray waste of sea. We lost them again utterly."

With such talk, we had descended from Trafalgar Square, gone down Whitehall, turned in at the Horse Guards, and, crossing Green Park, had come out upon Hyde Park Corner. It was the very top moment of the London season. The world, all amiable and smiles and splendor, was eddying about the corner of Appleby House. Pleasantly was a flood of eager, busy people. The Park blossomed with gay crowds. But under all this laughing surface, I saw with my mind's eye two solitary figures slowly slinking away and drowning drearily,—two figures solitary except for each other,—a pale, calm woman, with gray, steady eyes, leading a vague old man, with a white beard and a long military surtout.

"Lost utterly!" said Brent again, as if in answer to my thought.

"No," said I, shaking off his despondency. "We have seemed to lose her twice more desperately than now. It looked darker when we left them at Fort Bridger; much darker when we knew that those ruffians had got time and space that start of us; darkest of all when poor Pumps fell dead in Luggernel Alley. Searching in a Christian city is another thing than our agonized chase in the wilderness."

"A Christian city!" said Brent, with a slight shudder. "You do not know what this Christian city is for a friendless woman. There are brutes here as bad and more numerous than in all barbarism together. Many times, in my searches up and down the foul slums of London, I have longed to exchange their walls for the walls of Luggernel Alley, and endure again the frenzy of our gallop there. You think me weak, perhaps, Wade, for my doubt of success; but remember that I have been at this vain search over England and on the Continent for five months."

"But understand, Wade," said Biddulph, "that we do not give it up, although we have found no clue."

"Give it up!" cried Brent with fervor. "I live for that alone. When the hope ends, I end."

How worn he looked, "with grief that's beauty's cancer!" Life was wasting from him, as it ever does when man pursues the elusive and unobtainable. When a man like Brent once voluntarily concentrates all his soul on one woman, worthy of his love, henceforth he must have love for daily food, or life burns dim and is a dying flame.

"To-morrow," said I, halting at the Park corner, "I must be at work setting my business in motion. I have letters to write this evening, and a dozen of famous mechanicals to see to-morrow. In the evening we will put our heads together again."

CHAPTER XXX.

LONDON.

Short's Cut-off shut all other subjects from my head next morning. It was an innovation, a revolution, Maunkind objects to both. It came from America, and through America has given tobacco, woman's rights, the potato, model yachts, model States, and trotting horses to the

Old World, that World still distrusts our work as boyish. We in turn deem the Old World a mere child, and our youth based on a complete maturity than they will attain for half a millennium.

Short's Cut-off was so simple that it puzzled everybody. I consulted half a dozen eminent engineers.

"Very pretty, indeed!" they said, and at once turned the conversation to the explosions on Western rivers. "Had I ever been blown up?" How did it feel?"

But as to Short's Cut-off, they only thought it a neat contrivance, but exhibited by a person who did not comprehend intricate machinery.

I took it to a man of another order. England is the world's machine-shop; he was England's chief engineer. A great man he was, dead, alas! now. A freeman, who recognized the world as his country, and genius everywhere as his brother.

He understood Short's Cut-off at a glance.

How I wish old Short could have been there, to see this great man's eye glow with enthusiasm as he said: "Admirable! This is what we have all been waiting for. Peddham must see this. We must have it in every engine in England. Command my services to aid in making it known."

"Can you recommend me," said I, presently, "a thorough mechanic. I want some more models made of these valves and machinery, to illustrate their action."

"You must go to Peddham, the best artisan I know in all England."

"Worth seeing for himself, as the man whom you name best among these millions of craftsmen."

"Peddham is the man."

"He ought to have name and fame."

"He might if he chose."

"Worth knowing, again, for this rare achievement."

"He is an oddity. Some unlucky mode of life stunted him, mind and body, until he was a mature man. He is dwarfed in person, and fancies his mind suffers, too. It makes him a little gruff to feel that he is a man of tools, and not of principles,—a mechanic, not a philosopher. There is nothing of morbidness or disappointment in him. Only he underrates himself, and fancies his powers limited by his deformity. He keeps out of the way, and works alone in a little shop. He will only do special jobs for me and one or two others. He says he would be our equal, if he were full-grown. We deem him our peer, and treat him as such; but he will not come out and take the place he could have at once before the world. I thought of him, and wished him to see this Cut-off, as soon as you showed it to me. You must tell him I sent you, or he may be surly at first, and so drive you away, or perhaps refuse to do your work."

"I think I can make my way with such a person; but if not, I will use your name. Where is he to be found?"

"This is his address. An out-of-the-way place, you see. If you know London, a by-street on the Surrey side of the Thames. He is well to do, but lives there for a special economy. He has a method of charity, which is like himself thoroughly original. More good he does in his odd way than any man I know. He owns the whole house over his shop, and uses it as a private hospital or hospice for poor but worthy sick and broken-down people."

"His own dwarfishness makes him sympathetic?"

"Yes; instead of souring, it softens him to the feeble. He may perhaps feel a transitory resentment at big, strong fellows like you and me; but he is always tender to the weak. His wonderful knowledge of machinery comes into play in his hospital. From the machines men makes, he has passed to a magical knowledge of the finest machine of all."

"The human body?"

"The machine that invents and executes machines, the human body,—the most delicate mechanism of all, the type of all its own inventions. Peddham achieves magical cures. He is working by practice, and lately by study, into profound surgical skill. There is no man in England whom I would trust to mend me if I broke, as I would Peddham."

"He avenges himself upon Nature for not perfecting him, by restoring her breakages. Why do you not suggest to him to become a professed repainer of mankind?"

"I have suggested it. He says he must take his own way. Besides, mechanics can hardly spare him. Many of my own inventions would have stayed in embryo in my brain, if Peddham had not helped me out. I talk over my schemes to him; he catches the idea and puts it into form at once."

"You interest me very much," said I. "I must see the man and know him, for my own sake as well as for Short's Cut-off."

"Take care he does not drive you away in a huff. You'll find him a rough-hewn bit."

I went at once. A man who had warred with Plkes at the Footmower Mine, to say nothing of other ruder characters, was not to be baffled, so he trusted, by a surly genius.

As I walked through the crush of the streets, again there came to me that vision of the old man and his daughter lost in the press,—more sadly lost, more vainly seeking refuge here, than in the desert solitudes where we had found them.

(To be continued.)

Prof. Hodge of Clark university estimates that toads are worth \$19.88 each for their work as destroyers of outworms. He thinks the propagation of toads would solve the gypsy moth problem.

SPIRITUAL WORKERS

Dr. Talmage Uses Hunting as an Illustration of Gospel Truth.

Urges All Christian Workers to Increased Fidelity and Tells How Much Effort at Doing Good Fails.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges all Christian workers to increased fidelity and shows how much effort at doing good falls through lack of alacrity; text, Genesis, 10:9: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day hunting is a sport, but in the lands and the times infested of wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a suashly afternoon with a patent breechloader to shoot reed birds on the flats, when Pollex and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and panthers and bears. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east people, elephant mounted, chased the tiger. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. And Moses, in my text, sets forth Nimrod as a hero, when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face and arm bunched with muscle, "a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country if it is not a better and a braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw and sharp teeth and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from truth may be captured for God and Heaven. The Lord Jesus in His sermon used the art of angling for the unlearned when He said: "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth, and I pray God that there may be many a man enlisted in the work who shall begin to study Gospel archery, of whom it may after awhile be said: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters. At the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is crackling an alder or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned how the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cupful of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was very good bread. It was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after He had broken the bread, said to the people: "Beware of the yeast of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was and how easily they all understood Him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men!

The archers of olden time studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—no precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! I am glad that there are institutions established in many cities of our land where men may learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery and become known as "mighty hunters before the Lord."

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the longbow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The bloody fields of Agincourt and Solway Moss and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. It has brought down 400,000,000 of souls. Paul knew how to bring the note of that arrow on to the bowstring, and his whirr was heard through the Corinthian theaters and through the courtroom until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out: "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strikes a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strikes him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying: "O Galilee, thou hast conquered!"

In the armory of the earl of Pembroke there are old corselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that Gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and body and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that Gospel! The humblest man in the world, if he had enough faith in it, could bring a hundred souls to Christ—perhaps 500. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I believe more and more in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this Gospel.

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual archery you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Kaquette lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that. It is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in our way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar. Yonder they are up in that garret—far away from the door of any church. The Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing on some street or road expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait 10,000,000 of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come.

What the church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans and put them in the stirrups. The church wants not so many cushions as it wants saddles and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid gloves and put on the hunting shirt. We want a pulpit on wheels. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Hopper's lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is it that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the comparatively few people who go to church. What are we doing for the millions who do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God to go into eternity, no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from the lower depth of our cities a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches, and it blots out all this scene from my eyes to-day, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyratira and Corinth and Laodicea because of their sloth and stolidity he will blot out American and English Christianity and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake missionary church that can take the full meaning of that command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned!"—a command, you see, punctuated with a throne of Heaven and a dungeon of hell.

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stands with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of taking the catamount the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlanders if when out hunting for the bear he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within 20 paces of you and it has its eye on you and it has quitted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!" Courage, O ye spiritual archers! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it

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how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion table? There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it. Millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian top tables and chased ice coolers, and in the strychnine and the logwood and the tartaric acid and the nux vomica that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years it has been filled. But as I stood and looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing—800 hogheads. Why, our American vat holds 2,000,000 barrels of strong drinks and we keep 300,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled."

Oh, to attack the great monster of intemperance and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanatists, but for holy Christian reform! I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and elephants. On some princely rode, and royal ladies under exquisite housings, and 500 coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros and deer and elephant fell under the stroke of the sabre and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth 50,000 rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country the millions of membership in our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery you need not only to bring down game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a roebuck or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak and fin and antler.

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the Gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in; do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls! If Donatian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheaters with a hand out, the fingers spread apart, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer. If it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

There is a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer leap"—two crags, about 18 yards apart; between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer. It came to one of these crags. There was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course it fell and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to Heaven. It is plain; it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says: "I won't walk in that path. I will take my own way." He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from Heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap from the heights of earth to the heights of Heaven. Stand back now and give him full swing, for no soul ever did so successfully. Let him try. Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men, angels, devils! What shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the soul's death leap.

HOMESPUN FAIR.

The annual Homespun Fair will be held Wednesday, June 5th, 1901, Room 4, Lincoln Hall.

In order to encourage Fireside Industries and aid her skillful friends in finding a market for their wares, Berea College will again hold the Homespun Fair, which has been so successful in the past.

Read our list of premiums, then start that loom! Even if you do not take a premium, you may have a chance to sell something.

Entries must be made before 10 a. m. Commencement Day. All goods entered for a premium must have been made since last Commencement Day, June 6, 1900.

But any home-made goods which the owner desires to sell may be displayed at the Fair, free of cost, and the managers will do their best to arrange a sale.

Notice, also, the amount of goods called for in our premium lists. These are the lengths for which there is most demand.

PREMIUMS OFFERED.

	1st.	2nd.
Homespun Coverlets, \$2.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
Dimity Counterpane, 2.00	1.00	1.00
All wool Jeans, 10 yds., 2.00	1.00	1.00
Cotton and Wool Jeans, 10 yds., 1.00	50	
Linsey (Linen and Wool) 10 yds., 2.00	1.00	
Linsey (Cotton and Wool) 10 yds., 1.00	50	
All wool Dress Flannel, 10 yds., 2.00	1.00	
Homespun All wool Blanket, 5 1/2 yds., 2.00	1.00	
twilled, 5 1/2 yds., 2.00	1.00	
Homespun Blanket, 5 1/2 yds., 1.00	50	
cotton and wool, 1.00	50	
Double weave Linen, 10 yds., 2.00	1.00	
Figured Linen, 10 yds., 1.50	75	
Plain Linen, 10 yds., 1.00	50	
Rug Carpet, a web, 2.00	1.00	
Buckeye Hats, 1.00	50	
Buckeye Baskets, 50	25	
Ac-bushels, 50	25	
Wooden Fork and Spoon, 50	25	
Hand-made Chair, 1.50	75	
Hand-made Saddles, 2.00	1.00	
Knit Socks, 50	25	
Homespun yarn indigo blue or blue and white, 50	25	
Knit Mittens, 50	25	
Homespun yarn, indigo blue and white, 50	25	

Competent judges will be secured and the management reserves the right to give only second-class premiums for second-class articles, when no first class ones have been entered.

For full particulars address.

Mrs. JENNIE LESTER HILL,
Berea, Ky.

"The day is coming when from the Kindergarten to the climax of business or professional success, boys and girls are going to be educated less by libraries, and more by actual practice."—Edgar Wilson (Bill) Nye.

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Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

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Men and women of good address to represent us, to visit appointing agents, others for local work looking after our interests. \$900 salary guaranteed yearly, extra commission and expenses, rapid advancement, and established home. Grand chance for earned money or woman to secure pleasant permanent position and literary income. New brilliant lines. Write at once.

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No More Vermin and its Attending Evils.

Our Peerless Poultry and Animal Fumigator will positively rid fowls and animals of lice, mites, and germs of every kind. It is worth many times its price. Costs but little. No trouble to use. Lasts for years.

Big Inducements to Agents.

B. CODDINGTON & Co., Berea, Ky.

Correspondence.

Clay County.

Ogle. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Smith a fine boy.—George Woods has moved from the head of Otter Creek to near the mouth.—Tom Woods was here Sunday on a visit to friends.—Henry Menn was a guest of Mrs. Rinda Smallwood, Sunday.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Davis a fine boy.

Jackson County.

Kerbyknob. Circuit court was held at McKee this week. Green Johnson was convicted of forgery and sent to the penitentiary two years.—Rev. H. J. Derthick preached at the Cave Spring Church Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Click are the happy parents of a fine boy.—John W. Cope and Mr. J. W. VanWinkle, both of Berea, stopped over Thursday night at J. D. Hatfield's. They were going to McKee where they will testify in the case against the Powell brothers and Frank Gay for burning the Powell schoolhouse.

Madison County.

Peytontown. Ben Peyton and Rev. Isaac Miller have purchased a new buggy each for the benefit of their best girls this summer.—James Burnam was in Kirksville Saturday.—Mrs. Parsons, of Wildie, who has been visiting her sister here, has gone to visit another sister at Maywood before returning home.—Albert White was here from Cincinnati Sunday. He returned Tuesday.—Rev. R. H. Munday filled his regular appointment here last Sunday, and in company with Rev. J. Farris was entertained by Mrs. Julia Burnam. Wm. Phelps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, was scolded to death in Indianapolis, Sunday.

Mason County.

Maysville. Rev. R. Butler, of Lexington, preached a very interesting sermon at the Plymouth Church Sunday morning.—W. H. Humphrey, of Berea College, made a welcome visit at the Fifth Street High School, Friday morning. We are always pleased to have former students visit us.—John Breckenridge and Miss Bettie Smith, of Lewisburg, were married Saturday in our city.—The celebration of Doll Day, by the primary department, Friday was quite a success. The prize for nicest dressed doll was awarded to John H. Miller. Mr. Johnson Lewis, of E. Fourth St., met with a very painful accident Saturday. While trying to board a train, he fell and his foot was bruised so badly that amputation was necessary.—Mr. David Adams' funeral was largely attended, Friday evening at the M. E. Church of the East End. Rev. James Walker officiated.—Dr. Harrington, who has recently located in our city is making a favorable impression on the people.—Mrs. Emily Britton and grandson, of North Fork, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Strawder, of Lawrence Creek.

Owsley County.

Gabbard. J. L. and Meredith Gabbard visited Michael Gabbard, of Cow Creek Sunday.—Wheat looks well and promises to yield a fair crop.—The crossers of our roads are having some of the mud holes filled.—Some of the boys of this place are preparing to take the county examination for teachers at Booneville, next Friday and Saturday.—Rev. James Eversole, of Manchester, preached at Grass Branch schoolhouse Sunday. If you desire to have an honest and worthy paper for 50 cts. Please subscribe for THE CITIZEN one year and be convinced.—The warm days and showers have caused the timber on our hills to look very beautiful.—W. O. Gabbard had a log rolling, Friday.—Farmers are in a rush to get their crops planted.—Circuit court convenes at Booneville next week.—H. C. Gabbard went to South Fork Monday.—Pleasant Gabbard, who has been very low for some time, is not much better.—A. C. Gabbard is visiting R. W. Minter this week.—Mr. and Mrs. Carter Bowman, of Fish Creek, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Gabbard Sunday.

Rockcastle County.

Canway. James Dobbs is prospecting on his farm for gold and silver.—There is a coal mine on the farm of H. E. Gadd.—We hope the Citizen will receive many subscribers. It is a good paper for the home.—Your correspondent attended church at Clear Creek Sunday.—Corn planting is nearly done.—Wesley Croucher and Miss Lucy Clouse were married Thursday.

Disputanta. There was service Clear Creek Baptist Church Sunday.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Mullins, a fine boy.—R. E. Moy, of Scafold Cane, visited Clear Creek Sunday.—Rev. Nimrod Smith is seriously ill.—O. M. Payne has been on a visit to relatives in Madison county. Mrs. O. J. Abney is regaining her

health.—Miss Mary Owens left for Brush Creek Tuesday for a visit of some weeks.—Geo. Purkey, of Davis Branch, has moved to Disputanta.—Died: Richard Anglin, at his home here of consumption, April 25th, in his 24th year. It is a joy to all his loved ones to know that he was full ready for this great change. The burial was at Scafold Cane.

Rockford. Miss Mary S. Watson is very low with pneumonia fever.—H. S. Woodall has rented the farm belonging to the Alex. Mobley heirs.—The rains of last week were very gratefully received.—Wm. Linville's corn is ready for plowing.—J. W. Todd is preparing to build a new storehouse, it will be much larger than the one he now occupies.—Alfred Alexander and family have recently returned from Illinois.—Mrs. Hunt, of Brendle Ridge, is visiting friends in Conway.—We were not surprised to hear of the marriage of Dr. Lewis and Miss Lena Jones last week.—Mrs. Rosa Grant, of Davis Branch, is here on a visit to her home.—Frank Parker and wife have returned from a visit to Laurel county.—There was a large congregation at the Communion services at Fairview Church Sunday.—The marriage of Lee Wren to Miss Francis Brock is expected at an early day.—J. W. Todd and family attended Church at Scafold Cane Sunday.

REPORTERS, CORRESPONDENTS or WRITERS

Wanted everywhere. Stories, news, ideas, poems, illustrated articles, advance news, drawings, photographs, unique articles, etc., etc., purchased. Articles revised and prepared for publication. Books published. Send for particulars and full information before sending articles.

The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

THE MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY
A. O. NORMAN & CO.,
CINCINNATI, MAY 15.

CATTLE—Common.....	\$2.50 @	\$3.25
" Butchers.....	3.75 @	5.00
" Shippers.....	4.50 @	5.10
CALVES—Choice.....	4.50 @	5.50
" Large Common.....	3.00 @	4.00
HOGS—Common.....	1.25 @	5.65
" Fair, good light.....	5.10 @	5.60
" Packing.....	5.55 @	5.60
SHEEP—Good to choice.....	3.75 @	1.25
" Common to fair.....	2.50 @	3.50
LAMBS—Good to choice.....	4.85 @	5.15
" Common to fair.....	3.75 @	4.75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	77 @	78
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	47 @	48
OATS—No. 2.....	30 @	31
RYE—No. 2.....	56 @	61
WHEAT—Winter patent.....	3.70 @	4.00
" " fancy.....	3.10 @	3.50
" Family.....	2.40 @	2.75
MILL FEED.....	16.50 @	17.50
HAY—No. 1 Timothy.....	14.25 @	11.50
" No. 2.....	12.25 @	12.75
" No. 1 Clover.....	10.25 @	10.75
" No. 2.....	9.00 @	9.50
LARD—Prime steam.....	7.85 @	7.95
DRY SALT MEATS.....		
" Clear sides.....	8.37	
" Short ribs.....	8.30	
" Shoulders.....	6.25	
Clea. bellies 14 to 30lb.....	8.63 @	8.75
Bacon—Short clear sides.....	8.75	
" " ribs.....	8.63	
" Clear bellies.....	8.85 @	9.13
HAMS—Sugar cured.....	10 1/2 @	11 1/2
POULTRY.....		
" Springs per lb.....	20 @	25
" Fryers.....	10 @	12
" Heavy hens.....	9 @	10
" Light hens.....	9 @	10
" Roosters.....	9 @	10
" Turkey hens.....	7 @	8
" Turkeys.....	6 @	7
" Ducks.....	6 @	7
EGGS—Fresh near by.....	11	
" Goose.....		
HIDES—Wet salted.....	6 @	7
" No 1 dry salt.....	9 @	10
" Bull.....	5 @	6
" Lamb skins.....	40 @	60
TALLOW—Prime city.....	5 1/2 @	5 1/2
" Country.....	4 1/2 @	5 1/2
WOOL—Unwashed.....	17 @	18
" medium combing.....	22 @	23
" Washed long.....	22 @	23
" Tub washed.....	22 @	23
FEATHERS.....		
" Geese, new nearly white.....	34 @	40
" gray to average.....	28 @	35
" Duck, colored to white.....	28 @	35
" Chick, white to quills.....	12 @	15
" Turkey, body dry.....	12 @	15

THE HOME.

Edited by Miss GRACE J. STOKES, Instructor in Domestic Science, Berea College.

Fruit Preserving.

JELLIES, JAMS AND JUVY GOOSE-BERRIES.

Early in July the good housekeeper begins to think of her jelly and jam. It is a great mistake to put off making currant jelly till the end of the season, for the best jelly is made of currants not perfectly ripe. Those used for preserves should be fully ripe. To keep light color in jelly, care should be taken not to cook sugar long as this will darken fruit and cause it to "candy." Some persons are very successful in making currant jelly by merely heating the sugar in the oven and, after the juice has boiled twenty minutes, adding the sugar and leaving it over the fire only until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. This makes the jelly of a beautiful color and delicate flavor, but it is not usually so firm as that made by the common method of boiling twenty minutes before, and ten after, the sugar is added. Do not "skim" your sugar, a pound to the pint is the only safe rule.

The best jelly bag is made of new flannel. Take a square of flannel and fold it to make a double three-cornered piece; sew up one side; this leaves a large opening by which to put in the fruit, and the juice will all run to the point, the weight of the fruit pressing it out. Do not squeeze the bag. Very little juice can be gained in that way and what is will be of an inferior quality. It will not pay for the labor.

Currant and apple jellies are the easiest to make, as they are the surest to be firm. Apple juice will help to harden jellies that incline to be thin. Much of the jellies in the market is made from apple stock with flavoring of various kinds to justify the labels attached. It would be well if nothing more harmful was ever used.

A delicious raspberry jelly may be made by using one quart of currants to a pint of raspberries. Pick over the fruit, leaving currants on stem but taking out all leaves. Mash the currants and put them over the fire to scald, then pour them, hot, into the bag. Take the juice that runs out at once and pour over the raspberries. Scald this and put it into another bag. Let both hang overnight. In the morning measure the juice, putting currant and raspberry together, and weigh a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil the juice well before putting the sugar in; it must boil twenty minutes at least. Add the sugar and let both ten minutes longer; skin carefully; if the juice does not look clear, the white of an egg may be added.

Crab-apples make firm and palatable jelly. The Siberian crab-apples are easily obtained and are fine in flavor, but if one can get them, the wild crab apples (the sour, green things that grow on thorny trees in this country) give best satisfaction. They have a spicy flavor and a pleasant acid which are particularly delightful to invalids. The juice of the crab-apple, of either kind, may be used for jelly with that of other fruit, such as peach, raspberry, or cherry, and will give firmness without injuring the flavor. The proportion may be left to the taste of the jelly-maker.—Good Housekeeping.

To be continued.

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THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dinsmore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Unrealized Hopes.

Hundreds of teachers began their work in the school-room last September with high hopes and delightful anticipations. They close it soon with a heartache.

What is the cause? Unrealized hopes, faded ideals. And again, what are the causes of these? So various, so individual in their nature that they can only be guessed. But for every earnest soul who has hoped much, expected much, and given of her best, there are waiting words of solace and encouragement.

Mistakes have been made. Yes, or the teacher would not be human and thereby fitted to train human little children, who are always making mistakes. Angles in the school-room would be sadly out of place. Only when the human soul has suffered and grown strong over stumbling and mistakes is it ready to understand, sympathize, and steadily other wavering, wandering feet.

For mistakes resulting from carelessness, indifference, and an under-estimate of the moral responsibilities of the teacher's position, there are no words of comfort. God pity the children, who have been dwarfed, stunted, and made sufferers for a lifetime by such reckless handling. If such teachers have not the pricking conscience to drive them to give up their work, a special endowment of moral courage and fill their places by men and women worthy of it.

But for others to whom the joyous summer seems only a mockery because there is no light heartedness within to go forth and meet it; for those who have striven with all their might and yet are ready to cry out, "I can never teach again," because the past year has been full of failures and disappointments—for all such there is the tenderest sympathy and the outstretched hand of uplift and encouragement.

Human life is too complex for any single individual to accept all the causes for unfortunate results. Subtle, indelible influences are always at work in shaping events about our pathway, that we cannot understand. Their very intangibility are oft times the cause of our greatest depression. But allowing for all this, a probing introspection and review of the past will reveal so much that we could have bettered, so much of error that we could have avoided, that the heart fails and courage droops.

What shall be done? Face the truth unflinchingly. Look every mistake squarely in the face. Acknowledge them all to your own soul, and to others if need be. Get the full lesson the past holds for you, and then—leave it. Clinging to the memory of an unhappy past, or brooding over the "might have been," never yet redeemed a wrong or prepared the heart for a better future.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound. But we build the ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies. And mount to the summit round by round.

—Primary Education.



The Story Teller's Art

Is not so common that many writers have it. Only now and then an author shows it unmistakably. Rev. Charles M.

SHeldon

the author of "In His Steps," is a natural novelist, although his writing is but an incident of his life work.

Malcolm Kirk

one of his stories which will soon appear in this paper, is as fascinating as any novel. Beyond this its influence is most wholesome. The first chapters will be printed soon.

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THE FARM.

Edited by R. C. MAJOR, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Farm Poultry.

A BRIGHT ILLINOIS WOMAN'S METHOD.

Farmers, as a general rule, pay too little attention to the raising of poultry. One may travel for miles and scarcely see a farm where aught else than the common barnyard fowl is kept; or meet a man but what will think he has done well if he has cleaned the hen-house once or twice a year; and so this part of the farm work is, in most cases, turned over to the womenfolk and children, who, from force of habit, keep right on raising the same scrub fowls year after year. Perhaps my experience may help some of these. My father has been a fancy poultry breeder ever since I can remember; but when I started to raise poultry for myself I began with the common chickens, and soon concluded I'd try some other variety. Have had Plymouth Rocks, then Dominiques, then Light Brahmas, and finally the Langshans; and though the others are good, we like the Black Langshan best of all; have had them for four years, and now the "good man" takes as much pride in the beautiful flock as I do, although in the start he thought he could see nothing in poultry, they being "small fry." The Langshans are very hardy; will lay the year around; have less desire to sit than other Asiatics and are easily broken up; are splendid mothers, and also naturally tame. They are of large size and mature early; in fact, are the ideal fowls for general purposes. We keep about 75 of our earliest hatched pullets each year, and buy roosters from some reliable poultry breeder, one for each 25 hens. Set two or more hens at once in covered boxes, making both boxes and hens; and each morning lift them off, feed and water, and see that they get back on their own nest. When hatched, I give 30 chickens to a hen and set the others again. Feed bread and milk (or water) the first few days, five times a day; then corn meal and wheat. Set hens from March till May—none after. Sell most of the earliest cockerels for 4th of July broilers. With a little extra care have had hens weigh four pounds at that time. Sell the others, including old fowls, in the fall. Had 50 May cockerels average 7 1/2 pounds, apiece before Thanksgiving last year. The Langshans lay a very large flesh-colored egg. During hatching season we sell a great many to neighbors at a good price, and all others are sold to customers at 4 cents above market price. For several years have kept Bronze turkeys, raising from 40 to 80 each year from four hens and a gobbler. I set the first layings of all the hens under chicken hens and two of the turkey hens, and give these young turkeys all to the turkey mothers (set egg as nearly at one time as possible). Chicken hens will not stay with young turkeys as long as is useful, while the turkey hen will mother them till fall, and easily take care of 25 or 30. The other two hens lay another sitting, and will take care of themselves if there is a field of clover and stubble near. Feed them well every night, so they will be sure to remember to come home. I put the first hatched turkeys in a large coop, in a warm, sunny place, with a large yard of wire netting around it, where they run in nice weather; but keep them shut in the coop on cold, wet days. Clip the old turkey's wings so she can't fly out of the yard, and watch carefully that they don't get lousy. Look for lice on young turkeys on the outside of the wing at the base of the big feathers. Sometimes hosts of them will be found there, when they appear to be free from them elsewhere. The last two years my turkeys averaged a dollar apiece, and market prices have been very low.—Mrs. Wm. H. Hoover, in Helpful Hen.

To be continued.

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